would find Claude or not, and did not like to even hint at his coming until they were sure he was there.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In an elegantly furnished bedroom in another part of the hotel sat Mrs. Blythe by the bedside of her daughter. She was waiting for the girl to wake up from the few hours' slumber she had taken that afternoon. The mother was a strikingly handsome woman of about 45, tall and graceful in figure, and with an air of refinement in her features which was somewhat heightened by the *hauteur* of her expression. So habitual was this proud look on her face that even now, while bending over the sleeping form of her own child, the strongly marked characteristic was distinctly observable. The girl was unquestionably beautiful, but the ravages of a long sickness were plainly visible in her white and drawn face as she slept.

Mrs. Blythe had seen the Colonel and Claude, and a consultation, with the physician as adviser, had resulted in the determination to prepare Constance for the surprise of seeing her lover back at her side.

The picture which had been a work of loyal love on Claude's part, was moved into the invalid's room in a conspicuous position, with a curtain thrown loosely over it.

The society woman's feelings had fought between pride of caste on one side and love for her child on the other, and the latter had won the battle. Her firm resolve now was to endeavor to undo, as far as she could, the evil she had done. She never seemed to realize the enormity of her action until she was shown the portrait of Constance as she used to be. The contrast between the merry, pink-cheeked maiden of a year ago and the pale-faced invalid lying before her now was so great that it made her tremble for fear her ridiculous pride had killed her only child. A reaction set in and now, much as she had formerly opposed the union, she determined that it should take place, even if it were a death-bed wedding. Her daughter should have the wish of her heart before she died at least.

When the sick girl at last moved restlessly, and then opened her eyes with that tired and weary look peculiar to confirmed invalids, her mother stooped and kissed the pale forehead affectionately.

"You have had a nice, long sleep, dear," she said gently, "nearly four hours, and I think you look better for it. Had you pleasant dreams?"

"Dreaming of Claude, as usual, mother," replied the girl in a low voice. "You must not be angry with me, I cannot forget him either waking or sleeping. As for my looks, I have almost forgotten how I ever looked."

"If you will promise me to be calm and not get in the least excited, I will show you how you looked not long ago," said Mrs. Blythe in an affectionate tone.

Constance gazed on her wonderingly. Mrs. Blythe met the questioning look with a maternal smile.

"You must promise me," she said, as she pressed a fervent kiss upon Constance's lips, "otherwise I won't show you."

"All right, I promise willingly," replied the girl, with a puzzled expression.

Mrs. Blythe moved the ornamental easel close to the bedside and drew the curtain away.

An involuntary start, an exclamation of glad surprise, a slight flush of color in the cheek and then the invalid's face became riveted upon the picture. There was a few minutes of complete silence, which Constance broke by saying:

"Mamma, Claude painted that."

"How do you know, dear?"

"I know he did—he must have done; nobody else in the wide world *could* have done! Did he send it to you, mamma, tell me, did he?"

"Remember your promise, dear child, or I shall give you no information at all," answered the mother with a playful laugh. "Now, just keep perfectly quiet, and I'll tell you a little secret. I have sent for Mr. Remington to come back."

"Sent for him, mamma? How could you be guilty of such an indiscretion?"

"No indiscretion about it, my dear child. I sent him away from you and it was my place to recall him." Mrs. Blythe put her arm around her daughter's neck and kissed her. As she did so Constance felt the warm tears drop on her cheek and saw that her mother was crying.

"Oh you dear, sweet, kind mamma, how good of you to do that when you don't like Claude."

"I *do* like Claude, and I admit that I have made a foolish error. I thought pride was stronger than love, but I find that I am mistaken."

"When did you send for him? It is a long way to New York." Constance spoke eagerly,—questioningly.

"He is on his way here now, darling, and I want you to try and get strong again before he comes, won't you?"

"I *am* strong, mamma, quite strong, and your blessed words give me extra strength. I already feel much better."

"Would you feel well enough to see Claude if he should arrive tonight, dear?—remember, the doctor cautions you against the least excitement, and he would not let you see him unless you promised to be calm."

"But I *am* calm, mamma. It would not injure me. I feel it would give me strength if I could see Claude again."

"Then, Constance, prepare to have your wish gratified at once," said Mrs. Blythe softly, as her finger pressed the electric bell.

There came an old time sparkle in the eyes of the sick girl as she heard her mother's words, the cheeks flushed again, her bosom heaved perceptibly. Mrs. Blythe whispered a few words to the servant who answered the bell. Then she returned to her daughter's bedside and took the invalid's hand.

"Constance," she said, in a somewhat broken voice, "I must ask your forgiveness for the shortsighted cruelty I was guilty of when I sent your lover away. I have done what I could to repair the foolish act and have brought Claude back again to your side. May God grant that he is not too late."

A slight tap at the door and Sir William Jowitt entered quietly. A shade of disappointment passed over the face of Constance.

The physician walked forward and felt the pulse of the invalid.

"Your mother has told you who is here, I presume," he said seriously. "Now tell me, Miss Blythe, do you think you are able to bear an interview?"

"Oh yes. Don't you see how calm I am, doctor? Why, I feel quite strong again, and could almost cry for joy."

"Yes, but you must not cry," said the doctor warningly. Then, as he took his leave, he said to himself, chuckling, "Just as I thought! medicines in her case would not be worth a—a—continental, as the Americans say."

As Claude entered the room and almost rushed to the bedside, Mrs. Blythe crossed to the window and looked out. The tears were falling from her face, but they were tears of joy, not sorrow. When she walked back to the lovers she took a hand of each and joined them, saying to Constance, "Today is the anniversary of our Saviour's resurrection. Let us hope that it may also be the day of your rising from sickness. It certainly is a fitting occasion, for to-day my own love has risen far beyond my former pride."

An Involuntary Thief.

A public park, a garden seat, an actor sat thereon,
His gay attire part product of the season lately gone;
For fifteen minutes there he rests, then rises to his feet,
And with a calm and studious face he seeks the crowded street.

But after him a horde of boys precipitately ran,
And shouted out "Stop thief! stop thief! there goes the guilty man!"
The actor wonderingly turned, as up the police came,
And without hesitation gave his right address and name.

Among the boys a tall, slim youth appeared to be the chief,
And he reiterated loud, "This fellow is a thief!"
"'Tis false!" the actor hotly cried. "This charge is base indeed.
In all my life I never yet committed thievish deed!

"I saw him steal," the urchin said, in making the complaint.
"Way over in the hollow there I watched him take some paint."
"You lie!" the actor wildly hissed, beside himself with rage.
"This is the greatest insult ever offered to the stage!"

"Here is the proof," the boy remarked, "before we let him budge,
You've heard the charge I made, and now let each one be the judge.
You can detect his guilt at once—he gives us all the chance.
Observe the paint that's sticking there on the seat of his light pants!"

GEORGE EDGAR.

Laura's Little Brother.

I have a young lady cousin whose company is much sought after by members of my own sex. I was a man after her own heart once, but I didn't get it. She discouraged me so much that I couldn't take heart at all. Several of my club acquaintances have been paying court to her since, but no one has yet succeeded in carrying off the prize.

From certain rumors that I hear I believe her little brother Eddie is one of the main causes of her failure to catch a suitable husband. It is sufficient to say that Eddie is a small boy and has a tongue. Also a facility for putting peculiar and unfortunate constructions on whatever he may hear or see.

When Mr. Golightly called the other evening and was shown into the parlor, Eddie sauntered shyly in before the visitor had time to seat himself in an imposing attitude. He looked wistfully at the caller for some moments and then said gravely, "Aint you goin to make it talk?" "Make what talk, my little man?" asked Mr. Golightly in friendly tones.

"Your suit, aint it going to shout?"

"I don't understand you, my dear," replied Mr. Golightly.

"Well now," said Eddie, scratching his head, and looking the unfortunate young man all over, "when the servant told Laura that you had called she said, "Oh *he* needn't *call*, his spring suit is loud enough to be heard all over the block!"

Mr. Bondstock, the bank cashier, does not call on Miss Laura since his last painful interview with Eddie in the presence of the latter's father.

"Say, mister," asked the boy playfully, "Isn't our Laura stuck on you?"

"I'm sure I—I d-don't know," stammered the embarrassed gentleman.

"Oh rats!" replied Eddie, disrespectfully, "why, I saw her stuck on you last night—she was on your knee for over five minutes!"

Worse, if anything, was the experience of Mr. Smartwit, whose second and last visit to Eddie's home was made memorable by that mischievous youngster. He broke in upon Laura and her companion—just as Mr. Smartwit was about to propose—with this probably true, but certainly malapropos sentence—

"Say, sis, ma wants to know how long that booby is going to keep you from supper!" JILKS.

The Intelligent Compositor.

I remember, I remember
Not so many years ago,
When I wrote in late December
A short poem on "The Snow."
"Fairy Flakes" I neatly termed it,
But I wished that I was dead,
When the printer smart affirmed it
"Funny fakes," to be, instead.

I remember, I remember,
When I wrote of "love serene"
In that very same December
In a sonnet to "My Queen,"
I remember I could splinter
One poor human form divine
If I only caught that printer—
For he set it up "live swine."

I remember when, as critic,
I, one most auspicious night,
Wrote some matter analytic
On the work of actor bright.
"Mastered Art" is how 'twas written
Plainly in my copy, but
The compositor was smitten,
For he read it "mustard cut."

Once when writing advertising
I referred to "needed space,"
Never dreaming the surprising
Antics of the 'lower case.'
Fancy, though, my consternation
And the shock it caused to me,
When the words, in bold location,
Blossomed forth a "needed spree."

JOSEPH SUPPLE.

RIGHT SAYINGS of Little Children.

"I don't like to go shopping in dry goods stores with my mamma," said a five-year-old boy. "Why not?" he was asked. "Oh, because she asks the salesmen to show her so many things she doesn't want," he promptly replied.

Said Johnnie Kingston's mother, "I want to buy one of those new kitchen ranges. They tell me they save half the coal." And her young hopeful, after considering a minute, asked, "Why don't you buy two of 'em, ma, and save it all?"

"Now Bobby," said the school teacher one day, "if it took ten men fifteen hours to hoe a large cornfield, how long would it take two men, say your father and uncle, to do the same work?"

"They'd never do it," replied Bobby promptly, "they'd be swapping fish stories all the time!"

That was a bright child who, on being asked what ice was, quickly replied, "Water, gone to sleep." And the grocer's little girl's definition of sand, "something papa mixes with sugar," was as ingenuous as it was unexpected.

"Shall I have to get married when I grow up?" asked little Flossie of her mother one day.

"Just as you please, my dear," answered her mother. "Most women do marry, however."

"Yes, I suppose so," continued the little girl musingly, "and I guess I'd better start right in and hustle for a husband now. They tell me Aunt Jane has been at it for 20 years and hasn't found one yet!" H. O'D.

A Queer Couple.

BY RICHARD BURKETT.

Nobody could ever understand what Johnnie Grout and Sallie Smithers saw in each other to make them so mutually infatuated. Both were the reverse of handsome in face and figure, and the only construction that could be put upon their attachment was that the ugliness of each acted as a bond of sympathy between them. True, every eye has a beauty of its own, but the optic that could detect anything lovely in Sallie's cross-eyed, pug-nosed, freckle-faced, carroty-headed, lop-sided person was not the kind of vision to be either envied or commended. Nor were Johnnie's beetling brows, receding forehead and sloping chin the class of features that usually enamor a female. His short, chunky, fore-shortened body would not have attracted one woman in a few millions, but Sallie, strange to say, happened to be eccentric enough in her tastes to imagine that Johnnie was a perfect Adonis.

And, to her lover's thinking, there wasn't a girl in all Lockton half so pretty and graceful as Sallie. They had, of course, a supreme monopoly of their opinions about each other's beauty, and neither of them had the slightest cause for jealous anxiety.

Neither of them were rich in this world's goods, but both were comfortably situated for people in their station of life. Their parents were dead and each was left alone in the world with a small farm and a little money. Johnnie was about twenty-five and Sallie just of age, so they had no one to please but themselves and were not long in making a match of it.

But the week before the appointed wedding day Sallie fell ill with the smallpox, and the doctors came and ordered her to the hospital at once. She was taken away in the town ambulance and Johnnie followed, weeping bitterly and begging to be allowed to accompany and nurse her. His request was finally granted so far as to permit him to occupy an adjoining room to the ward in which she lay, and in the presence of the female nurse Johnnie's uncouth figure would often be seen bending over the unconscious form of the delirious Sallie. She never spoke of anybody but her lover in her rambling, incoherent speech, and yet she never recognized him from the first day he was allowed to see her. Those were hard times for Johnnie, but he was told to hope for the best, and after a period of two weeks the doctors gave him encouragement by telling him that Sallie was out of danger and would not be marked at all by the ravages of the disease.

But just as Sallie improved Johnnie began to grow ill, and it was soon evident that he had taken the disease from her. He was put to bed in a secluded ward and great care taken not to excite him in the least. When his delirium set in, his calls for Sallie were incessant, but owing to her weak condition she was not allowed to see him. She was sent home to convalesce and prayed night and day that her lover might be spared to her.

But though her prayer was granted, Johnnie left the hospital marked for life. His had been a more dangerous case, and he only came out of it with great ugly pits all over his head and face. Still, that did not make any serious difference to Sallie. She had not loved him for his good looks in the first place, so the loss of a little more physical beauty was not a crying matter. She was not really well herself. The malady had left her in a very weak condition, but she was strong enough to take Johnnie by the arm and escort him around the little town whenever the wants of either necessitated any shopping. The marriage was postponed for several weeks and now they contemplated an Easter wedding. About the queerest looking pair of lovers in the whole state of Pennsylvania was Johnnie Grout and Sallie Smithers.

But Johnnie seemed to feel, away down in his sensitive heart, that the accident which had marred his features was naturally one that would, or should, disqualify him in the sight of his beloved. He never thought of how cruel Nature had originally been to him, he never considered that it was through his devotion to Sallie he had caught the disease now disfiguring him. He brooded over the thought that he was no longer presentable to her view, and all the loving care she could lavish upon him failed to have the effect of convincing him that she still loved him as formerly. He attributed her present actions to resignation rather than desire, and a morbid feeling of sullen disappointment crept into his nature and made him irritable and peevish.

Sallie could not understand the change in his disposition. Had she known that he regarded her in the light of a martyr, willing to sacrifice her happiness for his sake, she could easily have undeceived him. But Johnnie was morose and silent. He could not bear her to talk to him even. He resented her expressions of affection, because, without any reason beyond his own supersensitiveness, he imagined them to be simulated.

She did not like his little petulant ways, which were entirely different from his former manner, and gradually there grew a coldness and reserve between them which finally resulted in a severance of the engagement. She told him flatly that she could never live with him on account of his temper.

There was a considerable sensation in the little town when it became known that the marriage was off. So many people had commented upon the engagement and also upon the devotion shown by the odd couple in their sickness that such a thing as the breaking of the engagement was considered well-nigh impossible. But the news spread the day after the quarrel between the lovers, and many were the questions passed around as to the origin of the trouble. Neither of them could be seen, however. Both remained in doors, apparently with the object of avoiding the gossips.

Three days passed and nobody saw anything of Johnnie. Even his own farm hands who lived on the premises did not notice him around the house. On the fourth day one of them went up to his master's room to consult him about some important matter and found Johnnie seated in his arm chair quite dead and cold. Beside him on the floor was a 32 calibre revolver, the weapon with which he had killed himself.

The police were communicated with and the news of the tragedy spread like wildfire. A mutual friend hesitatingly went to Sallie's farm with the bad tidings. Her knock on the door received no response, so she tried the door, which was unlocked, and walked through the hall to Sallie's back parlor. Miss Smithers was laid full length on the floor, quite dead. A vial of poison was in her left hand.

So ended the romance of a "Queer Couple."

A Most Unusual Occurrence.

She was an amateurish wife
With duties great before her,
And just three months of married life
Had happily passed o'er her.
In all important household arts
And small domestic duties,
She strove to shine in many parts
Like all young married beauties.

She knew the lot of most young wives—
No matter how good-looking,
And how their husbands marred their lives
By sneers about their cooking.
She'd heard and read of many men—
The heads of modern houses,
Who gave their "mothers" now and then
As "cooking guides" for spouses.

Perhaps she had expected this
In her ambitious buddings,
And guessed he'd think her quite amiss
In making pies and puddings.
No doubt she thought the bread she'd bake
Would surely be berated,
And that he'd never eat her cake
She quite anticipated.

So when to keeping house they came
In some suburb or other,
She feared her cooking would proclaim
The knowledge of his mother
Contrasted with *her* ignorance,—
His sneer she greatly dreaded,
And almost wished that, by some chance,
To him she was not wedded.

Her trial came; she made a lot
Of pastry for the dinner,
Her husband praised it on the spot—
Ate like a greedy sinner,
And said, "My dear, your pastry far
Excels that made by mother,
Indeed your pies and puddings are
Not equalled by another!"

Here I suppose the reader will
Expect the young wife kissed him,
And to her proof of pastry skill
Once more wished to assist him.
But truth requires that no such scene
Should here be glibly painted,
The fact is that she gave a scream
And straightaway she fainted! G. S. J.

The Collector.

The subject of this sketch is not the man who comes around on or about the first of every month wearing a check suit and a bright smile that seems to fade perceptibly when you tell him to "call again in a week," or "let it lay over till next month." It is not the rent or tax collector I have in view, but that worst of all cranks, a collector of old stamps, coins, bric-a-brac and other relics of antiquity.

Perhaps you know one or more of them; perhaps you have met the man to whom a battered old copper penny of George the First's reign is a mine of wealth compared to a brand new ten dollar bill; maybe you know the fellow who cherishes a cancelled postage stamp from the Phillipine Islands like an old maid does her yellow pug dog, or a young mother her first infant. And possibly you are also acquainted with the long haired and mildewed enthusiast who visits auction sales of second-hand rubbish and bids fabulous prices for featureless and limbless statuary; who fondles with affectionate reverence a wig that was supposed to belong to Cromwell's first cousin, or worships the alleged toenail of some departed saint who died of La Grippe in the tail end of the third century.

These men are frequently walking museums. They carry pocket books containing several hundred obsolete stamps from all parts of the world, for which no sane man would knowingly give up a nickel. They would sooner lose an entire year's cash receipts than part with their collection. They have also some antiquated coin or other which cost them $50, but which would not be accepted anywhere as collateral for a hair cut or a bowl of pea soup. Then, if the crank is of a pious turn of mind, or rather, of a superstitious nature, he is pretty sure to have surrounded himself with "relics," such as gruesome looking bones, pieces of skin or fragments of "the true cross." There wasn't wood enough grown in the entire Holy Land to supply the pieces of the true cross that have found their way, in recent years, all over the world, and if the alleged toenails of saints are all authentic those sanctified people must have been veritable centipedes. It is said that a Minneapolis gentleman started in the lumber business solely for the purpose of supplying splinters from the true cross and he is reported to be worth a fortune at the present day.

Collecting coins is a very sensible and laudable occupation, provided current specie is adhered to, and I respectfully submit that there is more solid satisfaction to be gleaned from the possession of a double eagle than from owning a pot-full of mouldy European coppers that wouldn't buy a mint julep or a pack of cigarettes in any city in the United States. At the same time it is just as well that cranks who are fond of the antiquated money exist, as it gives us poor mortals a chance to enjoy the current coin of the realm without exciting the envy of these collectors.

The love of antiquity observable in these collectors seems to come to a sudden stop when they select a wife or sweetheart. A statue a thousand years old they would venerate, but a woman over thirty-five they would hardly respect for sweethearting purposes.

The age of an engraving or oil painting, if measured by centuries, would throw one of these cranks into rapture, but he has a strange prejudice in favor of youth when it comes to selecting a life partner.

Well, we don't blame him, as we happen to be similarly afflicted ourselves, but we cannot help thinking that much of his affection for ancient coins, obsolete stamps and prehistoric relics is sadly misplaced. We cannot see how the hoarding of these reminiscences of by-gone ages, at great cost of money and time, can afford one-tenth of the pleasure that is to be found in the jingle of a few U. S. gold pieces or the rustle of some crisp American currency. J. S. G.

Hints for the Home.

Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water.

Boil the clothes-line and it will not "kink," as a new rope is apt to do.

Keep a small box filled with lime in your pantry and cellar; it will keep the air dry and pure.

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware; apply with a damp cloth and rub well, then wipe dry.

Prick potatoes when baking so that the air can escape. This will prevent their bursting in the oven.

For sore throat, beat the white of an egg stiff with all the sugar it will hold and the juice of one lemon.

When baking cakes set a dish of water in the oven with them and they will not be in any danger from scorching.

Grease spots that have burnt and become hard on the stove may be removed by a few drops of kerosene oil on the cloth before rubbing them.

To clean a stove, zinc or zinc-lined bathtub, mix ammonia and whiting to a smooth paste; apply it to the zinc and let it dry; then rub off until no dust remains.

A teaspoonful of alum will make clear four gallons of muddy water. Boiling the water is necessary to remove disease germs when a farm pump or a town reservoir has a bad name.

Vinegar bottles may be cleaned with crushed egg shells in a little water.

Crude oil, according to a painter, is excellent to wipe wood-work and furniture with. Wipe off with a clean cloth.

When your face and ears burn so terribly bathe them in very hot water, as hot as you can bear. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

For an aching tooth, saturate a piece of cotton with ammonia and lay it on the tooth; or try oil of sassafras, applying it frequently.

To freshen black kid gloves, mix a teaspoonful of salad oil with a few drops of black ink; apply with a feather and dry in the sun.

FOR THE HAIR.—To prevent the hair from falling out or turning gray, take a teacupful of dried sage and boil it in a quart of soft water for twenty minutes; strain it off and add a piece of borax the size of an English walnut; pulverize the borax. Put the sage tea, when cool, into a quart bottle; add the borax; shake well together and keep in a cool place. Brush the hair thoroughly and rub the wash well on the head with the hand. Then, after a good hard rubbing, brush the hair well before the fire so it will become dry.

THE PROBABLE

Last Words of Living Celebrities.

Grover Cleveland: "I shall at least be free from the veto of the senate."

James J. Corbett: "I never thought death could knock me out so easily."

Wm. L. Wilson: "Whither am I drifting?"

Adelina Patti: "This is my last farewell."

John Y. McKane: "Good bye to Coney Island."

Chauncey M. Depew: "I cannot speak this evening—some other time."

Senator Hill of New York: "I never bore any ill will to Grover."

William McKinley: "This Bill will go through all right."

Robt. G. Ingersol: "I wonder if I was wrong?"

Russell Sage: "I cannot take any stock in the next world."

Ward McAllister: "James, see that my dress pants are properly pressed."

Walter Q. Gresham: "How far is it to Hawaii?"

John Wanamaker: "Anything else today please?"

Thomas P. Ochiltree: "I never took water yet and I will not do it now."

Tom Watson of Georgia: "Where am I at?"

Lillian Russell: "What! are there no marriages in heaven!"

George Slosson: "Now for the long rest."

The Prince of Wales: "I am about tired waiting for a throne."

Joseph Pulitzer: "The 'World' is mine."

Queen Liliuokalani: "How long am I to be kept out?" SAM. PLANK.

Well Dun.

It may sound paradoxical
To creditors of mettle,
But debtors have to be "stirred up"
Sometimes before they'll "settle."

An Easy Task.

BOB.—I think Chauncey Depew is even cleverer than Herrmann.

TOM.—For what reason?

"I have seen him transport people from New York to Buffalo simply by making a few passes."

A Unique Firm.

JACKSON—I am dealing exclusively at Neverblow's now. It is the most reliable house in the country to-day.

THOMPSON—How do you make that appear?

"They don't claim to have got a prize medal at the World's Fair."

In the Green Room.

LEADING GENT—The stage manager has cast that new fellow for Hamlet.

LOW COMEDIAN—What on earth for?

"He said he was hungry for bread, so they gave him a heavy role."

A Pressing Engagement.

MAUD—Just look at Arthur kissing and hugging his cousin Julia!

MAMIE—Yes, I knew they were unfriendly.

"Unfriendly? What do you mean?"

"Case of '*strained relations*', isn't it?"

Both Alike.

JERSEY.—What became of the rascal who bit a piece out of Chumley's arm?

MEADOWS.—He was bound over to keep the peace.

And what did they do to Chumley's arm?

That was bound over to keep the piece too!

Quite True.

"Don't you think that liberated convict is like a period?"

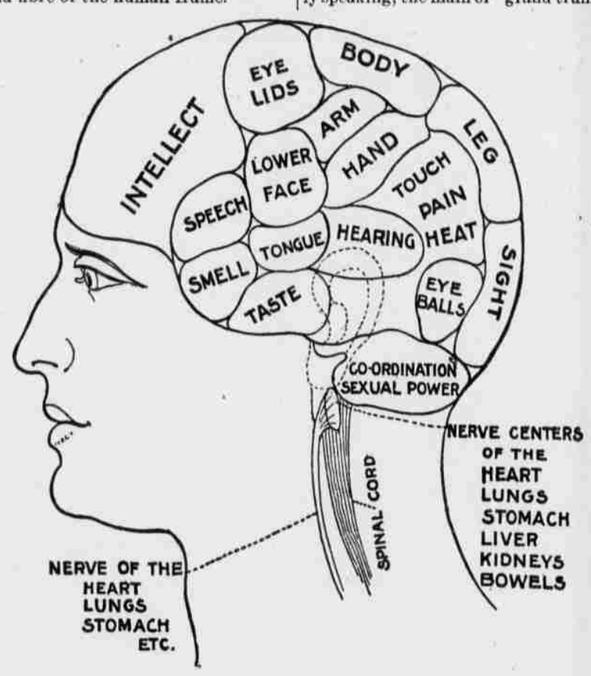
"In what way?"

"He's at the end of a sentence."

HOW WE THINK AND ACT.

It is a common thing to hear people talk about what they *think*, of the subjects they *understand*, and how they *reasoned* this way and that way, in certain matters. But it is a question if one in a thousand people has ever stopped to consider *how* they think, and by what occult processes in the brain the reasoning faculty, or intelligence, performs its duties? Nevertheless it is probably the most interesting study of any that pertains to human anatomy. The *material* motions of the body are understood, to a limited extent, but the *actions* of the *mind* are rarely, if ever, thought of, even by professional phrenologists.

It might therefore be considered of interest to the general reader to take up this subject and explain, as lucidly as our present facilities will permit, the formation of the brain and the performance of its various functions. It is really as necessary that a person should know how his head is constructed, as that he should understand the formation and mission of any other part of the body—more so, in fact, because in the head are situated not only the seat of life, but also the governing or controlling powers which influence every nerve, muscle and fibre of the human frame.



Of all the machines the world has ever seen, the most elaborate, complicated and intricate could not compare with the machinery of the human system.

It is not given to man to devise any structure more complex, more minute in its particles, more varied in its accomplishments than his own mortal body. The tiniest and most delicate watch that the skilled watchmaker can turn out is rough and uncouth work compared with the wonderful mechanism of the human brain, for instance.

It will well repay the reader to study in connection with this article the accompanying semi-phrenological chart, in which he will notice that the human head is carefully mapped out, with the various senses and organs properly indicated in their respective locations. It will be seen at a glance that every part of the body is directly controlled by the brain. The limbs and various organs are governed by it. Every motion of every muscle emanates from headquarters in the brain. The seat of intellect, that is, the understanding or thinking and reasoning part of man, is located across the front part of the brain. The other senses, such as sight, hearing, taste, touch and smell, occupy positions in the rear of the intellect, as do also the mainsprings of motion. All these are in direct communication and sympathy with each other. They are in harmonious accord and assist one another in the performance of their respective functions.

For instance, when in conversation with a person, it is not merely the tongue or organ of speech that is employed. The intellect or understanding is engaged, the sense of hearing is concentrated upon what your companion may be saying, the eyes are usually fixed upon him, and his on you, you move your arms, hands or facial muscles by way of gesture or expression, and all these acts are done at one and the same time, though prompted by different senses under one government.

First of all, external impressions are telegraphed, as it were, through the mediums of the ear or eye to the seat of intellect, and orders are immediately dispatched from there, by means of the nerve centres, to every organ whose co-operation is required.

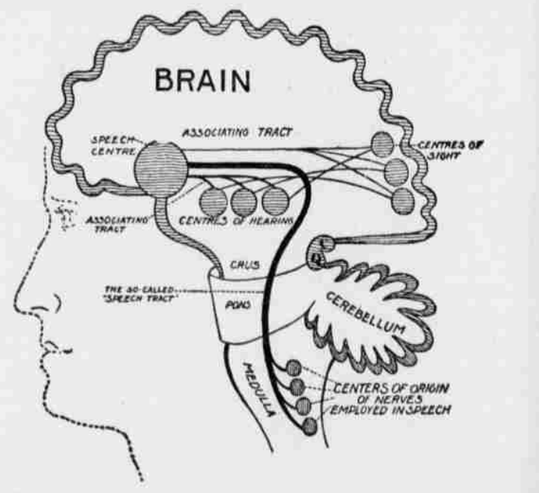
For example, as you read these lines, just move the toes of your right or left foot. The movement you find will be simultaneous with your *thinking* about it. No sooner does the brain express its wish to have that motion made than the desire is telegraphed to the particular organ and the motion is apparently spontaneous with the command. It is the same with any other organ or muscle. The will power in the brain no sooner issues its request for motion than the behest is obeyed.

Rapid as lightning is, quick as are the flashes of electricity, neither can beat the nerves in the prompt transmission of thought or feeling.

In the brain is the seat of life, in the brain is the mainspring of all the nerve forces. It has been well described as a storage battery or power house, which supplies every nerve and fibre of the body with vitality or electricity to perform their functions. The brain is the governor or general of the whole body, and it has supreme authority over every part of it. It directly controls the heart, although the reverse has long been believed to be the case. It governs every bone and muscle in the system, not one of which could move without its sanction, and every part of the body is subject to its will.

This being the case, it cannot fail to be interesting to know something of the construction and mission of this remarkable controller of so many marvelous organs. By the aid of accompanying diagrams we are able to show how the brain directs and supervises the rest of the human body.

The actual seat of life, the point from which the vitality of our whole system emanates, is situated in the upper part of the spinal cord, at the base of the brain. (See Fig.) It will be seen also that from that point begins the spinal cord, which runs downward through the body and is, properly speaking, the main or "grand trunk" line of the whole nervous system. From it diverge the different nerves that supply the heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, etc., with their vital forces. These nerves are in the form of delicate white strings or filaments, and are to the organs of the body exactly what telegraph lines are between different cities—a means of prompt communication.



No matter what muscle or organ of the body becomes in any way affected the news is promptly transmitted to the brain and other organs are liable to be affected through sympathy.

This is well exemplified and perhaps more lucidly explained in the cut showing the relation of the eye to the sense of hearing and the organ of speech on another part of this page. It must be generally conceded that the clearer one understands his mechanism the better will he or she be able to know what is the matter with them when they are sick. As it is, people often have symptoms of serious diseases, which they treat lightly, if at all, because they do not comprehend fully the importance of these disease indications, and, as they do not realize the danger, they neglect the trouble until it is often too late. With a better knowledge of their own construction and susceptibility to diseases they would take far more precautions in the early stage of their trouble and thus prevent its dangerous increase.

Thus, an irritation of the optic nerve or organ of sight may influence the rest of the nerves in a greater or lesser degree, but unless this truth is well understood, ordinary doctors would be more likely to treat the visible effect rather than the unseen cause, and might endeavor to cure a *result* instead of searching out the origin of the trouble and remedying that.

These remarks may convey a popular idea of how extremely difficult it is to successfully treat nervous diseases unless one is thoroughly well grounded in the construction of the nervous system, and has had a practical experience in the causes of disease and also their cure. On this subject "a little knowledge is truly a dangerous thing," particularly for the patient, and failure to cure is a confession of ignorance on the part of the physician having the case in charge.

But if the masses of the people can only be induced to know more about themselves; if they can be persuaded to desire a little learning on the subject of the brain and its vast importance, not only as the region of thought and understanding, but as the direct controller of every muscle and function of the body, a great step would be taken towards rendering harmless many diseases that are now a constant menace to the general health, but whose origin is too little understood.